

# The Tenth.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

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[No. 4.]

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### A VOICE BY THE TOMB OF THE SLAVE.

THE hot wind moans in the rustling vines,  
Above the place of the wild one's rest,  
And voices breathe through the rocking pines,  
And sunlight comes from the sweet southwest;  
The rushing storm and the water's tone  
Are requiem sounds on the heavy air;  
The free bird stoops from its clear, high home,  
And screams all night to the sleeper there.  
Oh! he was free as the mountain bird,  
On his own far hills and joyous shore,  
And free as the wailing breeze that stirred  
In those dark boughs with a deeper roar.  
He was a slave!—but his flashing eye  
Told well of the spirit's might and scorn,  
And hearts beat quick at the vengeance cry,  
When his helpless ones from his grasp were torn.  
There were sterner frowns on the haughty face,  
When the freedom flush was dimmed and gone,  
And the proud lip curled with a prouder grace,  
And the tread was firm of the fearless one;  
He stalked apart to the weary toil,  
From the common herd and the careless mirth,  
The soul was bound in its prison-coil,  
And sought no light on the lovely earth.  
But one mysterious voice, and power,  
And spirit-sign from the home above,  
Still lingered there in his wildest hour,  
To soothe that soul with a fear and love.  
The hot wind moans in the rustling vines,  
Above the place of the wild one's rest,  
And voices breathe through the rocking pines,  
And sunshine comes from the sweet southwest.

ELLA.

## ORIGINAL TALES.

### The Resurrectionists.

BY M. SUTTER.

THE night was dark and tempestuous after the day in which the lovely Mary Dalton was laid in the grave. The wind blew in high and fitful gusts, driving before it huge masses of clouds, through the interstices of which would now and then pass bright glances of the moon, tinging their edges with a gilded dye and throwing a fierce contrast upon their central blackness. Then they would close over the beautiful orb, hiding it and all else in hideous gloom. It was a night for daring deeds. Men hide their thoughts from the broad light of day, but in a night of such tangible darkness they are unrestrained. The villain loses sight of the law he feared before, and coward conscience becomes strangely and fearlessly brave in the moment's forgetfulness. Presently large and scattered drops of rain began to fall—a distant roll of deep thunder was heard—the lightning flashed afar off in dim but savage suddenness, and the clouds were driven nearer together till at length the occasional light of the moon was entirely obscured. Then came on the torrent of rain like a quick rushing flood with the wild hurricane in its rear. The heav-

ily charged cloud drew nearer. The chains of its fierce fire darted from its bosom and lost themselves in the air. Flash followed flash in swift succession accompanied with simultaneous crashes of thunder, as if all the artillery of the air was pouring out its volleys at the same instant.

Such was the awful welcome of Mary Dalton to the earth's cold bosom—itsself too cheerless—such the forerunner of her welcome to the "upper air." It was in a little village in the interior of the state of New-York. Bordering on the church-yard in which she was laid, stood an old dilapidated house. It had once been the residence of him who had the administration of the last business of this little community of the dead—or, in the words of another, "nature's last bed-maker." It was now tenantless, fast following the step of its nearest neighbors, going the "way of all the earth." Throughout the whole scene which I have just described, in the only dry corner of this building, were two persons sheltering themselves from the rain. They seemed perfectly indifferent to the storm without. One of them was a wild, careless youth of eighteen, whom you would expect to see tremble in such a conflict of the elements. Yet he talked lightly and gaily as if he were at his father's quiet fireside. His companion was directly the reverse. Some years the senior, though on terms of the nearest intimacy with the other, he was of a staid and contemplative turn. But their conversation will better show their characters than I can describe them.

"Sing us a song, Henry, to drown this furious clattering out of doors," said the former.

"I like that music of the air better," was the reply. "Is it not majestic to stand in such a scene as this, and witness the strife of the world without; and dream yourself almost an actor in it?"

"Well, for my part I must confess I like a gentle harp by Grace Warner's knee, and a song from her dear voice with my running accompaniment—this way, for instance," and he sung a line of a wild, beautiful song, which was interrupted by a loud clap of thunder.

"Ah! John, the spirits of the air have the advantage in more ways than one," said the other. "They pipe not for your voice. It is sweet, I own, in another place, but in such a glorious volley as that it is lost. Listen! How beautifully grand! There is such pomp in that echo as it rolls from cloud to cloud, losing its volume step by step till it fades in the far distance. Will you try your voice again?"

"No—I reckon not, as they say—you

know where. They interrupt me so unceremoniously I will not give them another opportunity. There's our Professor would have given his ears for one-thousandth part of this electricity last night, but it has come the day after the fair for him. I say Henry, when will this storm be over? I grow impatient. I wish I had a little of your philosophy."

"Fie, John. To talk of mixing up philosophy with such spirits as yours! They would quarrel and upset your brain if they did not burst your head. You have enough of it already. We should not be the same to each other that we now are. For our feelings are like the fluid in yonder cloud. They only become attracted towards those of a different character. It is the grave and gay who like each other best."

"I believe you," replied John, "and that is the reason why this gay girl was laid in her grave so soon. If she had possessed a little of your sister's gravity she might now have had fairer prospects than a mangling."

"Yes, and that sister of mine had never been what she now is to John Lenox, had she not possessed some of her brother's gravity."

"I believe you again. And if John Lenox were by the side of said sister now, her sober brother might—"

"What?"

"Have saved himself a drenching and a comfortable nap."

"Do you relent at your undertaking?"

"O, no. I only once in awhile get one of your notions of moralizing, and there's no telling where it may end."

"You are a wild, foolish boy, and it is a chance if one of these days your spirits and your love together do not get the better of your reflected philosophy, and ruin you."

"Why Henry Warner!" exclaimed Lenox. "Do you laugh at love?"

"O, no—no," he replied. "It is either a blessing or a curse. If the former, it is too great to be trifled with. If the latter, it is too damning to be the subject of foolish jest. Mine was—you are aware which, my dear Lenox. She sleeps very near us. She loved me once—she hated me and laughed at my passion before she died. Her parents scorned me till then, and now they seek my friendship. I will be avenged first, and then if they desire it they shall have it. This night she shall be mine, had they dug her grave to the centre. I will retrieve for her the promise she could not keep, and free her soul from the stain of such falsehood. Yes—she shall be mine for ever and for ever."

"You have quite lost your philosophy in your passion," said Lenox. "The cas-

ket was fair, but the jewel it contained was false. So you will take the casket when it has lost its worthless contents. You are very right. It is a wise choice."

There was a short pause in which Warner was occupied in deep thought. Presently he said—

"You spoke of a jewel. I gave her a ring on the day of her betrothal. It was a ruby set in pearl, and I told her it was purchased of a magician who said that on the day that the one I gave it to should thrust me from her heart, the ring should break and the ruby fade. As I put it on her finger the full light of the sun fell upon it and it shot forth a light like a blazing star. She started as if she feared its power. It was worn, however, for months. And most strange as it may seem, though the tale I told was a jest, it proved too true. She wrote me a note, saying that she had watched the ring for days ever since her affections had declined, and saw no change. It was a beautiful jewel and she would keep it in memory of the giver, whom she should forget without it. It was bitterly taunting to have her speak so recklessly of my love. But she was punished. She had scarcely despatched me the note, when the ring—I know not why—snapt in twain and the jewel crumbled to dust in her hand. With a loud shriek she sunk down insensible. She recovered from this state only to fall into agonising convulsions, and—you know the rest. She lies there."

"It is a sad tale," sighed Lenox. "Well, I'll call you constancy itself, if you love her after that. But the storm is passing and yonder comes the moon."

"Tis my delight  
Of a shiny night—"

"Hist!" said his companion. A step was heard approaching, and they were joined by a third person. He was a common laborer, and carried in his hand a bag containing the implements of his work. He threw it on the floor with a heavy sound, and asked in a soft, musical voice, "Are you ready?" They were a strange trio for the errand on which they were bent. The first two were students of medicine and were in this spot for the purpose of taking the body of her who had been buried the day preceding, and, as we learn from their conversation, had been betrothed to one of them. The other, although belonging to the class, had none of the ferociousness of countenance nor of manner which is generally attributed to a resurrectionist, and which it is possible the most of them actually possess. Habit will overturn all antipathies or prejudices, and though a young man may enter upon his professional studies with an intuitive horror of such transactions, it is a thousand to one that before he has finished them, he sees a man laid in his grave with far more compunction than he sees him taken out. It was the case with those of whom I write. Yet this prac-

tice, so barbarous in the eyes of a large part of the world, had not made them callous to the softer feelings of the heart, nor insensible to the beauties of the glowing world around them. It is not the possession of one fault which makes men villains. They should not be spurned from the society of life because they are *thought* wrong in one particular. One faculty may be perfectly depraved, but from this very circumstance the others will shine out fairer and freer from blemish. It is but one ray of darkness in a universe of light. The sun shines upon us the more welcome because it is hid from us half our lives.

"Are you ready?" said the third individual, as he deposited his load heavily on the floor, and leisurely surveyed the building. He was answered in the affirmative, but as if not hearing he continued—"I ken well when this house was inhabited and a surly cur of a dog watched the ground. But I baited the dog while the old man slept, and took up one there, and another here—yes, by his very window, and the dog stood by without movin' his tongue, and the old man slept as soundly almost as the one I disturbed. Heard ye none of the fuss they made when they found it was gone? But you was a little child then, John—you forget it. They never found out it was their neighbor Billy Dodge that did the fearful deed. It was fu' sixteen years ago, and sin' then—la, I've took up more bodies than their sexton has laid in this yard. I felt a little afear'd at first, but now—la, I'd as lief open a grave as fill it. When the priest has said, 'dust to dust and ashes to ashes' over it, it's just as good for layin' in the ground one day, and better, as to lay there always. But come on, or the moon will be gone and we will have to do it in the dark, which I don't like. I love to see the face when it first comes above the ground if it has changed any. Are you ready? I say," and he shouldered his bag and marched leisurely out into the air followed by the two others. They soon reached a retired corner of the ground which was thickly shaded with shrubbery and overhanging branches of trees. It had been well chosen as the last home of the proud family of Daltons. There was a large number of mounds marked by costly stones, and one newly made lay under the long arms of a weeping willow, from which the heavy drops of rain were still falling, as if they wept the beauty so soon departed. The turf was fresh, having, as I have said, been laid only the day before, for it was the grave of Mary Dalton. There was no stone to tell the tenant. Why should there be? Has it not been as wisely as beautifully said by a great writer, "for the dead there are many mourners but only one monument—the heart that loves them best." Here they paused, and for a time their purpose seemed doubtful. The suspense, however, was soon ended by the laborer leisurely untying his bag, from which he took a spade

and began to remove the turf from the head of the grave. For some time the work went on in silence. But at length he began to whistle a low tune, which aroused his companions from their reverie.

"She was very beautiful," said our sober friend Henry Warner, as he started from his long silence.

"And you loved her?" said the other.

"It clings to me like a curse."

"The greater pity she should be lost to the dear light. What worse use can a man be put to than to make him food for worms, shut up in the cold ground?"

"There is a worse use, John Lenox," he replied, and the moon shone full upon his face, giving it, already strikingly ghastly, a still more deadly hue—"There is a worse use. Take him to your heart—make him as dear, yes, more dear than if he were a second self—let him wind his soul around you till you love him better than life—give him the purest gushings out of your young heart's best affections—and all this to be betrayed and trampled on—this is worse than burying the body in the earth's core *alive*, for worms to batten on!"

A deep groan burst from his chest as he concluded, which his young companion echoed, as he hid his face in his hands. He remained in this posture a moment, and then suddenly starting, grasped his friend's hand, and said with startling vehemence, "Henry Warner!" His face told his thoughts. They were of the sister of him who stood beside him. Warner returned the warm pressure of his hand, and throwing his arm around him, said—"She will not, John—she will not. She is a noble girl. Is she not like her brother, and can he be false? All are not thus. It is only they who have never felt that principle of selfless affection which should be all in a woman's heart."

"I was a fool," said Lenox, as he turned away and brushed a drop from his cheek.

"I cannot doubt her. But how can you bear it, when the fear alone almost drives me mad?"

"I know not," he replied. "I have borne it and must bear it still. There is a void here none else can fill. This heart is for ever widowed. Though the world may gather around me and honors fall like sunshine upon me—though my brow may wear fame's laurels in envious circles, they must ever be unsatisfying. I sought them once to bind upon her brow. She would have worn them as if she were born to it. Now I must wear them, and feel them sear my brain only to hide the canker in my bosom. I feel for her still the same fondness, only it is mixed with this loathing for her treachery. I hate her as deeply as I love her sincerely."

"A strange mixture—vinegar and honey. Do they not temper each other?" said Lenox, his spirits perfectly restored.

You may jest, John—another should not,"



he replied. "No. They grow strong in the mutual contact."

"I wish I had half the mastery over my feelings that you have," said Lenox.

"Why, my dear John," said Warner, "you have no feelings to master. They have only to gush out like a stream from its fountain, and meet with no impediment. The storm may swell them for a moment, but they will soon be calm again. Should they ever become the torrent that mine are, you will find some way to quell them."

At this instant the village clock struck one, and a heavy wagon came lumbering along the road. It was filled with a number of persons who, as they approached the burying ground, began to talk of the one who was laid there the day before.

"Little think they into whose clutches she is soon to fall," whispered Lenox.

They stepped within the shadow of the trees, and the work stopped till the wagon passed. When the sound died away in the distance, the digger spoke—

"Humph! it's a long time since such was done here afore, and their fears are as much asleep as their consciences—ha! ha! ha!" and he resumed his work. Warner seemed lost in thought and an expression of painful disquiet passed over his face. At length he said—

"It seems very hard to break into the last home of so fair a creature and disturb her repose. Yet there is an impression here that I shall be more satisfied. She wronged me, and I shall be revenged."

As he ended the spade sounded upon the lid of the coffin. It was soon broken open, during which operation the voice of Billy Dodge was heard muttering something about the folly of "graving names on the coffin when you are not sure the next day that they are there." A cord was handed to him which he passed about her fair neck.

"She lays as if she was asleep," said he, as he removed the covering from her face.

"Harm her not," said Warner, as he turned to hide the emotions that almost overcame him.

"Harm her!—how can she feel harm?" asked the old man. "Why Master Henry, many's the time we've been in this business afore, but I never heard you talk of harming clay afore. It can't feel be it ever so fair. May be you knew her. Well, never mind—here goes—ah! she moves! Did you pull, John?"

"No," said Lenox; "I am no hangman to pull on a rope about any body's neck."

A deep sigh came from the bottom of the grave. It was followed by Billy Dodge springing from the hole. Again a sigh—"She lives!—she lives!" exclaimed Warner.

There are no happier ones now than Henry Warner since he married Mary Dalton, or John Lenox since he called Grace Warner his bride.

## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

## Thoughts by the Way.

The fatigues of a protracted journey induced me to halt for the night, as the sun was fast declining, soon to be lost among the western hills. It was a glorious sun-setting. The King of Day, as if in condescension to the weakness of our visual organs, had divested himself of his dazzling meridian splendor and assumed that milder, though not less magnificent aspect, which most persons delight to contemplate at the close of a summer's day; and as the last beams from his enlarged golden disk were caught up by the highest objects, they seemed to shed a soothing influence upon every thing around me and invite nature to repose and peace. At such a moment, if the lonely wanderer have a home and dear beloved friends, how do their associations cluster around his heart. Other eyes and other hearts are perhaps intent upon the same object, and he thinks he sees the big tear glistening in the sunbeam, as the wife of his bosom or his aged mother is watching the last departing ray, and adding another to the long list of wearisome days since he bade them farewell.

But before this splendid spectacle was entirely shut out from my sight, I turned to look upon another not less enchanting, and as beautiful as the eye ever rested upon. Standing upon an elevated situation, I had a full view of an extensive harbor and the surrounding country, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and presenting that imposing variety of scenery with which nature and art, when combined, can so admirably dress up such a landscape. Before me lay the beautiful expanse of water, clear as crystal and still as the sleep of infancy. Its glassy surface, undisturbed except by the dipping oar of some passing barge, or the almost imperceptible undulations of the swelling tide, reposed as quietly as if it had never been ruffled by a breeze. The gallant vessels that here and there dotted the bay, were spreading their white sails to catch the first breath of evening; some so near as to be seen in all the pride of their beautiful proportions, and others diminishing in the distant horizon until they appeared like water fowl sporting on their favorite element. The opposite shore sparkled with a diamond lustre, from its thousand ocean gems, while behind it, rising in stern grandeur, the beetling precipice and mountain forest seemed to bid defiance to the destroyer man, and say, "Here at least shall dwell unmolested nature!" On the right, from the midst of a luxuriant shrubbery, rose the stately mansion of retired opulence, whose marble columns contrasted most tastefully with the green richness of the surrounding vegetation, and the numerous windows reflecting back the effulgence of the setting sun, blazed forth as from internal fire. The hundred spires of the distant city, catching some of these lingering fugi-

tives, became tipped with the same golden brightness. Indeed, all things appeared to have put on their most sparkling ornaments, as if in honor of the ruler of the day; while hushed to silence, they awaited his departure to dispense his genial influence to other climes.

No sooner had this transporting vision faded from my sight, than a volume of smokeburst from the port hole of an American frigate just anchored in the bay, and the evening gun came booming over the waters, showing plainly that those on board had not been indifferent spectators of this interesting scene. The effect, though startling, was but momentary; for as the last echo died among the hills, my soul became once more entranced by the music of a fine military band attached to the same vessel. The piece selected had ever been a favorite of mine, and was peculiarly adapted to my present situation, as well as that of the performers. At no time was I insensible to the touching sentiment which it breathed, but never till then had I been so circumstanced as fully to appreciate that sentiment. As the delightful cadences, mellowed down by the distance, came floating along and fell upon my ear, I fancied they bore with them the very words of the song, and as I heard the repeat taken up for the last time, I almost unconsciously chimed in, and sang "Home, home, sweet, sweet home, there's no place like home, there's no place like home."

But if such was the effect upon me, what must have been the heart-thrilling emotions of those who were just returning from a long cruise, filled with fond expectations of soon meeting those they loved? Anticipating such a scene, my imagination had already painted the picture, and methought I saw the old man leaning upon his staff, and almost unconscious of his decrepitude, hastening to weep upon the wanderer's neck, too happy in his return to chide him for his undutiful departure, while "father"—"my son"—"sister"—"brother"—were the only words that could find utterance. But O, who can realize the feelings of yonder widowed mother, as, with a bursting heart, and the tears coursing down the furrows of her care-worn cheeks, she raises her eyes to heaven in thankful adoration, and once more clasps to her bosom her long-lost sailor-boy.

Yet amidst all these inspiring scenes, there was one object which had by no means escaped my observation. Built upon the ocean-rock, stood a lighthouse apparently as firm and immovable as the foundation upon which it rested. Its plain exterior and unvarying uniformity of appearance were not calculated to attract much attention beyond the curiosity which would be gratified by the first examination of it; and consequently all those who delighted in the ever changing pleasures such a landscape could afford, regarded it as rather an obstruction to the prospect, and hardly worth

the space it occupied. But what was it not to the home-bound mariner? This gave it interest in my eye, and while I contemplated it as an object which had created joy in the breast of many a tempest-tost sailor anxiously looking for something to guide him to his haven, I was forcibly reminded of those exquisite lines of Moore—

"And thought that the lighthouse looked lovely as  
Hope,  
That star of life's tremulous ocean."

What a beautiful emblem of the christian principle!

The shadows of evening began to thicken around me, warning me that it was time to seek the necessary accommodations for the night; but as I left the spot I saw the lighthouse lamp just beginning to brighten. It was not long ere a cloud could be seen rising in the horizon, and gloom and darkness gradually spread over every thing around. The sighing winds began to ruffle the once placid bosom of the waters; the mournful murmurs and fitful blasts increased in strength, as if the spirits of the storm were mustering their forces; the groaning woods bent under the driving tempest; the rolling clouds burst over the scene below, and poured forth their elements of death and destruction. Peal after peal of Heaven's artillery echoed through the caverns of the deep; the mounting waves belloyed to the sky and lashed the lighthouse to its summit; the tottering vessel reeled and labored with the ocean; for a moment she trembled on the crested billow, and the next was dashed to atoms against the light-house rock. The burning mansion fired by no earthly torch, sent its lurid glare over the scene of horror, and the prostrate forests and the scattered wreck told too plainly that water, air, and fire, had conspired in this work of desolation. Amid all this stood the light-house unharmed, "because it was founded upon a rock." The lightning had played about it, the winds and waves had exhausted their fury upon it, still all this elemental strife and deepened gloom, served only to increase the splendor of the beacon-light and render it a lasting monument to the builder's fame.

Thus, thought I, stands the Christian. In the heyday of life when all things bright and fair are glittering around, when the fascinations of beauty and genius, the buoyancy and enthusiasm of youth, or the more matured aspirations of manhood to acquire honor and wealth, absorb every sense, who then loves the christian because he is a christian? Very few. But let the storms of life arise and beat equally upon him and all around, then will his character, like the beacon-light, shine brighter and brighter as the gloom thickens around him. While the votaries of pleasure, who but so lately were gliding over the smooth stream of worldly happiness, are now struggling amidst the waves of sorrow and affliction, he emerges from their depths and rises superior to them all. The blasting breath of

slander may sweep around him, but it can not taint him; the fires of envy may rage about him, but the shafts fall harmless at his feet; the surges of misfortune may dash entirely over him, but his light will still shine on with undiminished splendor, and serve as a beacon to guide many a poor wanderer to the haven of salvation.

Amidst all the strife of these moral elements, the Infidel is a reckless mariner, who instead of keeping that true light in view and making his haven when he has a favorable breeze, finds too late that he has trifled with his opportunities; and now when he is anxiously looking for some assistance, instead of finding the beacon-light of Christianity a star to light him to peace and rest, it is only sufficient to show him the horror of his situation as he dashes against the lighthouse rock and is lost for ever. That rock is the Saviour.

VIATOR.

#### LITERARY CRITICISMS.

North American Magazine.

#### THE LAST NIGHT OF POMPEII;\*

VERSUS

#### THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.†

While we have never failed to acknowledge and applaud the brilliant imagination and the eloquent and fascinating style of Mr E. L. Bulwer, we have never feared to assert that he was a sophist in ethics and a libertine in love, and that *effect* was apparently the only law which influenced his mind or guided his pen. Better disguised, but not less pernicious in principle and evil in action than the Tom Jones and Count Fathom and Zeluco of Fielding, Smollett and Moore, his characters not only exist in, but actually create an atmosphere of impurity which infects the very hearts of his admirers. He invests the seducer with irresistible attractions, and paints the highwayman and the murderer as examples for imitation. But even in the execution of his execrable purposes, he is not original either in his plots or his sentiments. The old Portuguese Jew Spinoza and his disciples Hobbes, Toland, Shaftsbury and Bolingbroke have abundantly supplied him with infidel arguments; and the profligate courtiers of Charles the Second have contributed their licentious stratagems and impure dialogues to augment the claims and heighten the charms of his coxcombs, libertines and men-slayers. Mr Bulwer has read much and skilfully appropriated, without acknowledgment, all that has suited his designs. He has artfully clothed the lofty thoughts of others in his own brilliant garb and enjoyed the renown of a powerful writer and profound thinker, when he was little more than an adroit and manœuvring plagiarist. This we long since perceived, and therefore de-

nied his claims to a high order of genius, though we readily accorded to him the possession of much curious knowledge and a felicitous use of language. We never imagined that the labors of an unrewarded and little regarded American could be deemed by the proud, *soldisant* highborn, and affluent Mr Bulwer as worthy of his unquestioning appropriation. We fancied that so deep a scholar would continue to dig for treasures in ancient and recondite literature, and pass triumphantly over the obscure productions of a poor cisatlantic. But we erred. As a member of the British Parliament, Mr Bulwer is accustomed to the creation of laws; and he seems to have made one expressly for his own profit and pleasure—namely, the law of literary lawlessness. We knew that he was well content to demand high prices for his immoral novels from his American publishers; but, until this time, we were not aware that he considered any thing but gold worth receiving or plundering from Yankeeland. With his usual tact, he has managed to secure, in no slight degree, from our labors that which those labors failed utterly to receive from our unlettered countrymen; and it is our present purpose to demand back our own thoughts, which are our property and the heritage of our children.

It is now three years since 'The Last Night of Pompeii' was written and published; and, among other English men of letters, a copy of that poem with a letter, which was never answered, was sent to Mr Bulwer, who was, at that time, the editor of the London New Monthly Magazine. Affliction fell heavily on our heart during the spring of 1832, and, becoming indifferent to poetic fame and every thing not involved in our bereavement, we bestowed no thought upon the poem or its reception.—Time has passed on; we have been intensely occupied with other concerns, and have not been anxious about it since. The apathy, if not contempt, with which American poets have ever been treated, has driven Percival into solitude, Bryant and Prentice into politics, Whittier into abolition schemes, Pierpont into phrenological experiments, and all others far away from the barren realm of Parnassus. But lo! the poem, which was printed by hardwon subscription and left unwelcomed but by a few cheerful voices, when transmuted into a novel by Bulwer, becomes a brilliant gem and illumines the patriotic hearts and clear understandings of the whole Western World!—Who is a Yankee poet that he should be honored? but to whom is the English Bulwer unknown? We live, however—thanks be to Providence! to claim our own and expose all smugglers, though the red-rover Saxon seems to think that the Atlantic is a very broad ocean, and that the democrats of the West are very little capable of appreciating any compositions but his own.

Had Mr Bulwer confined himself to the almost literal adoption of our title, or had

\* The Last Night of Pompeii: A Poem, and Lays and Legends. By Sumner Lincoln Fairfield. New-York: 1832.

† The Last Days of Pompeii: By the Author of Pelham, Eugene Aram, England and the English, &c. 2 vols. 12 mo. New-York: 1834. Harper and brothers.



certain passages in his novel betrayed even great resemblances to others in our poem, we should have said that the coincidences were somewhat remarkable and then dismissed the matter from our thoughts. Many examples in literary history might be presented to prove that men may think and describe alike without plagiarism, but, when the incidents and descriptions are as nearly identical as prose and poetry can well be, we cannot deduce the charitable conclusion that the very strong likeness is accidental. Our readers shall judge whether, in this case, it is so.

The characters in the poem are few—in the novel many, but, in both, the whole interest depends on the adventures of two lovers. In the poem these lovers are Pansa and Mariamne, a Roman decurion and a captive Jewish maiden, both Christians; in the novel they are Glaucus and Ione, Greeks and pagans. With us, Diomedes was the pretor and Pansa the victim; with Bulwer, the former is a rich merchant and the latter, ædile of Pompeii. Here, then, there is no similarity, nor is there but one deserving a remark, until Arbaces—an Eugene Aram antiquated—one of Bulwer's learned, wise and soliloquizing villains—seduces Ione to his mansion of iniquity. The first coincidence to which we refer, is the scene of the sacrifice, and the oracular response. The description in the novel reads thus:

"The aruspices inspected the entrails."—"It was then that a dead silence fell over the whispering crowd, and the priests gathering around the cella, another priest, naked save by a cincture round the middle, rushed forward, and dancing with wild gestures, implored an answer from the goddess."—"A low murmuring noise was heard within the body of the statue: thrice the head moved, and the lips parted, and then a hollow voice uttered these mystic words:

"There are waves like chargers that meet and glow, There are graves ready wrought in the rocks below; On the brow of the Future the dangers lower, But blessed are your barks in the fearful hour."

That in the poem is as follows—the oracle preceding the description of its effect upon the superstitious multitude.

"The aruspices proclaimed the prodigies.  
The entrails palpitate—the liver's lobes  
Are withered, and the heart hath shrivelled up!  
Groans rose from living surges round; yet loud  
The High Priest uttered—'Lay them on the fire!'  
'Twas done; and wine and oil poured amply o'er,  
And still the sacrificer wildly cried—  
'Woe unto all! the wandering fires hiss up  
Through the black vapors—lapping o'er the flesh  
They burn not, but abandon! ashes fall  
The temple, whirled upon the wind that waves'" etc.

#### The Oracle.

"Ye shall pass o'er the Tyrrhene sea in ships  
Laden with virgins, gems and gods, and spoils  
Of a dismembered empire, and a cloud  
Of light shall radiate your ocean path!  
Breathes not the soul of mystery in this?"

"And the prostrated multitudes, like woods  
Hung with the leaves of autumn, stirred; then fell  
A silence when the heart was heard—a pause—  
When ardent hope became an agony—  
And parted lips and panting pulses—eyes  
Wild with their watchings, brows with beaded dews  
Of expectation chilled and fevered—all  
The shaken and half-lifted frame—declared  
The moment of the oracle had come!  
A sceptre to the hand of Isis leapt  
And waved; and then the deep voice of the priest  
Uttered the maiden's answer, and the fall  
Of many quickened steps like whispers pass'd  
Along the columned aisles and vestibule."

Both oracles partake the same mystic character and allude obscurely to the same fearful and overwhelming event.

The character of Arbaces, the Egyptian Magus, is peculiarly after Bulwer's own heart, for he is an entire, thorough, irredeemable demon who weeps over venomous reptiles and kills innocent men: but a very large portion of his mystic discourse, which appears on pages 81-2-3-4 of volume first, is borrowed, as customary, without even an apologetic allusion, from Moore's Epicurean. We leave that poet to reclaim his property, and proceed to assert the identity of our own. In the novel Arbaces beguiles Ione into his own house with the resolution to possess her by fraud or violence. In the poem the priest of Isis inveigles the virgin of Pompeii into his lascivious temple with the same intent. Both the priest and Arbaces, having conquered every obstacle, are rapidly advancing to the accomplishment of their evil designs, when they are interrupted and their victims rescued by the very same awful occurrence:

"At that awful moment," says Bulwer, "the floor shook under them with a rapid and convulsive throes—a mightier spirit than that of the Egyptian was abroad! a giant and crushing power, before which sunk into sudden impotence his passion and his arts. It woke—it stirred—that Dread Demon of the Earthquake," etc.

"I woo no longer, thou art in my grasp,  
And by the Immortals I disown, thou shalt!"

Says our unsainted priest of Isis, when the victim cries exultingly—

"It comes! the temple reels and crashes—Jove! I thank thee! Vesta! let me sleep with thee!  
And on the bosom of the earthquake rocked  
The statues and the pillars, and her brain  
Whirled with the earth's convulsions, as the maid  
Fell by a trembling image and upraised  
A prayer of gratitude; while through the vaults,  
In fear and ghastly horror, fled the priest,  
Breathing quick curses mid his warning cries  
For succor; and the obscene birds their wings  
Flapped o'er his pallid face, and reptiles twined  
In folds of knotted venom round his feet.  
Yet on he rushed—the blackened walls around  
Crashing—the spectral lights hurried hasting down  
The cold green waters; and thick darkness came  
To bury ruin!"

The denouement of the scene is the same in the novel and the poem—a statue, hurled from its pedestal, strikes the unhallowed violator to the earth. There is no scene in Baron more actually transcribed from the Andrian of Terence than this from "The Last Night of Pompeii!" But the scene in the amphitheatre, where the Christian Olinthus and the lover Glaucus are doomed to perish by the fangs of the famished lion, is still more strikingly similar than any in the novel except the description of the destruction. Arbaces, actuated by unholy love of Ione, is the author of the disgrace and ruin of both these personages; and the pretor Diomedes, in the poem, resolves to sacrifice Pansa to the African lion, because he loves and determines to possess Mariamne. The earlier scenes in the amphitheatre are the same; four gladiators are represented in sanguinary strife, and two as having perished, ere the command is given to bring the Christian and lover on the arena and to loose the Numidian lion. In neither

instance, however, will the noble beast attack his destined victim; but shrinks and cowers in utter terror, though goaded on to his dreadful feast. We now solicit a careful comparison of the scenes which succeed, with those which, nearly two years before Mr Bulwer's book was conceived, we had wrought out with no slight study and presented to our unregarding countrymen.

The closing scene in the Pompeian amphitheatre, as represented in "The Last Days of Pompeii":

"Behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

"The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld with ineffable dismay a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius in the form of a gigantic pine tree; the trunk, blackness—the branches fire, that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!

"There was a dead, heart-sunken silence—through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which, from within the building, was echoed back by the sharper and fiercer yell of its fellow beast.—Dread sears were they of the burthen of the atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

"Then there rose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes, mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines,—over the desolate streets,—over the amphitheatre itself,—far and wide—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea,—fell that awful shower!

"No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen,—amid groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly?"

Now let us present the description, given in "The Last Night of Pompeii," of the horrors that succeeded the scene of the games:

"Awed, yet untrembling, Pansa calm replied.  
'Ye hear no thunder—but Destruction's howl!  
Ye see no lightning—but the lava glare!  
Of desolation sweeping o'er your pride!  
Death is beneath, around, above, within  
All who exult to inflict it on my heart,  
And ye must meet it, fly when, where ye will,  
For in the madness of your cruelties  
Ye have delayed till every hope is dead.  
Let the doom come! our faiths will soon be tried.  
Gigantic spectres from their shadowy thrones,  
With ghastly smiles to welcome ye, arise.  
The Pharoahs and Ptolemies uplift  
Their glimmering sceptres o'er ye, bidding all  
Bare their dark bosoms to the Omnipotent God:  
And every strange and horrid mythos waits  
To fold ye in the terrors of its dreams.'"

"Like an earthshadowing cypress, o'er the skies  
Lifting its labyrinth of leaves, the boughs  
Of molten brass, the giant trunk of flame,  
The breath of the volcano's Titan heated  
Hung in the heavens; and every maddened pulse  
Of the vast mountain's earthquake bosom hurried  
Its vengeance on the earth that gasped beneath."

"From every cell shrieks burst; hyenas cried  
Like lost child stricken in its loneliness:  
The giant elephant with matchless strength  
Struggled against the portals of his tomb,  
And groaned and panted; and the leopard's yell  
And tiger's growl with all surrounding cries  
Of human horror mingled; and in air,  
Spotting the lurid heavens and waiting prey,  
The evil birds of carnage hung and watched."

"Vesuvius answered: from its pinnacles  
Clouds of farflashing cinders, lava showers,  
And seas drank up by the abyss of fire

the space it occupied. But what was it not to the home-bound mariner? This gave it interest in my eye, and while I contemplated it as an object which had created joy in the breast of many a tempest-tost sailor anxiously looking for something to guide him to his haven, I was forcibly reminded of those exquisite lines of Moore—

"And thought that the lighthouse looked lovely as  
Hope,  
That star of life's tremulous ocean."

What a beautiful emblem of the christian principle!

The shadows of evening began to thicken around me, warning me that it was time to seek the necessary accommodations for the night; but as I left the spot I saw the lighthouse lamp just beginning to brighten. It was not long ere a cloud could be seen rising in the horizon, and gloom and darkness gradually spread over every thing around. The sighing winds began to ruffle the once placid bosom of the waters; the mournful murmurs and fitful blasts increased in strength, as if the spirits of the storm were mustering their forces; the groaning woods bent under the driving tempest; the rolling clouds burst over the scene below, and poured forth their elements of death and destruction. Peal after peal of Heaven's artillery echoed through the caverns of the deep; the mounting waves bellowed to the sky and lashed the lighthouse to its summit; the tottering vessel reeled and labored with the ocean; for a moment she trembled on the crested billow, and the next was dashed to atoms against the light-house rock. The burning mansion fired by no earthly torch, sent its lurid glare over the scene of horror, and the prostrate forests and the scattered wreck told too plainly that water, air, and fire, had conspired in this work of desolation. Amid all this stood the light-house unharmed, "because it was founded upon a rock." The lightning had played about it, the winds and waves had exhausted their fury upon it, still all this elemental strife and deepened gloom, served only to increase the splendor of the beacon-light and render it a lasting monument to the builder's fame.

Thus, thought I, stands the Christian. In the heyday of life when all things bright and fair are glittering around, when the fascinations of beauty and genius, the buoyancy and enthusiasm of youth, or the more matured aspirations of manhood to acquire honor and wealth, absorb every sense, who then loves the christian because he is a christian? Very few. But let the storms of life arise and beat equally upon him and all around, then will his character, like the beacon-light, shine brighter and brighter as the gloom thickens around him. While the votaries of pleasure, who but so lately were gliding over the smooth stream of worldly happiness, are now struggling amidst the waves of sorrow and affliction, he emerges from their depths and rises superior to them all. The blasting breath of

slander may sweep around him, but it can not taint him; the fires of envy may rage about him, but the shafts fall harmless at his feet; the surges of misfortune may dash entirely over him, but his light will still shine on with undiminished splendor, and serve as a beacon to guide many a poor wanderer to the haven of salvation.

Amidst all the strife of these moral elements, the Infidel is a reckless mariner, who instead of keeping that true light in view and making his haven when he has a favorable breeze, finds too late that he has trifled with his opportunities; and now when he is anxiously looking for some assistance, instead of finding the beacon-light of Christianity a star to light him to peace and rest, it is only sufficient to show him the horror of his situation as he dashes against the lighthouse rock and is lost for ever. That rock is the Saviour.

VIATOR.

#### LITERARY CRITICISMS.

North American Magazine.

#### THE LAST NIGHT OF POMPEII;\*

VERSUS

#### THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.†

While we have never failed to acknowledge and applaud the brilliant imagination and the eloquent and fascinating style of Mr E. L. Bulwer, we have never feared to assert that he was a sophist in ethics and a libertine in love, and that *effect* was apparently the only law which influenced his mind or guided his pen. Better disguised, but not less pernicious in principle and evil in action than the Tom Jones and Count Fathom and Zeluco of Fielding, Smollett and Moore, his characters not only exist in, but actually create an atmosphere of impurity which infects the very hearts of his admirers. He invests the seducer with irresistible attractions, and paints the highwayman and the murderer as examples for imitation. But even in the execution of his execrable purposes, he is not original either in his plots or his sentiments. The old Portuguese Jew Spinoza and his disciples Hobbes, Toland, Shaftsbury and Bolingbroke have abundantly supplied him with infidel arguments; and the profligate courtiers of Charles the Second have contributed their licentious stratagems and impure dialogues to augment the claims and lighten the charms of his coxcombs, libertines and men-slayers. Mr Bulwer has read much and skilfully appropriated, without acknowledgment, all that has suited his designs. He has artfully clothed the lofty thoughts of others in his own brilliant garb and enjoyed the renown of a powerful writer and profound thinker, when he was little more than an adroit and maneuvering plagiarist. This we long since perceived, and therefore de-

nied his claims to a high order of genius, though we readily accorded to him the possession of much curious knowledge and a felicitous use of language. We never imagined that the labors of an unrewarded and little regarded American could be deemed by the proud, *soldisant* highborn, and affluent Mr Bulwer as worthy of his unquestioning appropriation. We fancied that so deep a scholar would continue to dig for treasures in ancient and recondite literature, and pass triumphantly over the obscure productions of a poor cisatlantic. But we erred. As a member of the British Parliament, Mr Bulwer is accustomed to the creation of laws; and he seems to have made one expressly for his own profit and pleasure—namely, the law of literary lawlessness. We knew that he was well content to demand high prices for his immoral novels from his American publishers; but, until this time, we were not aware that he considered any thing but gold worth receiving or plundering from Yankeeland. With his usual tact, he has managed to secure, in no slight degree, from our labors that which those labors failed utterly to receive from our unlettered countrymen; and it is our present purpose to demand back our own thoughts, which are our property and the heritage of our children.

It is now three years since 'The Last Night of Pompeii' was written and published; and, among other English men of letters, a copy of that poem with a letter, which was never answered, was sent to Mr Bulwer, who was, at that time, the editor of the London New Monthly Magazine. Affliction fell heavily on our heart during the spring of 1832, and, becoming indifferent to poetic fame and every thing not involved in our bereavement, we bestowed no thought upon the poem or its reception.—Time has passed on; we have been intensely occupied with other concerns, and have not been anxious about it since. The apathy, if not contempt, with which American poets have ever been treated, has driven Percival into solitude, Bryant and Prentice into politics, Whittier into abolition schemes, Pierpont into phrenological experiments, and all others far away from the barren realm of Parnassus. But lo! the poem, which was printed by hardwon subscription and left unwelcomed but by a few cheerful voices, when transmuted into a novel by Bulwer, becomes a brilliant gem and illumines the patriotic hearts and clear understandings of the whole Western World!—Who is a Yankee poet that he should be honored? but to whom is the English Bulwer unknown? We live, however—thanks be to Providence! to claim our own and expose all smugglers, though the red-rover Saxon seems to think that the Atlantic is a very broad ocean, and that the democrats of the West are very little capable of appreciating any compositions but his own.

Had Mr Bulwer confined himself to the almost literal adoption of our title, or had

\* The Last Night of Pompeii: A Poem, and Lays and Legends. By Sumner Lincoln Fairfield. New-York: 1832.

† The Last Days of Pompeii: By the Author of Pelham, Eugene Aram, England and the English, &c. 2 vols. 12 mo. New-York: 1834. Harper and brothers.



certain passages in his novel betrayed even great resemblances to others in our poem, we should have said that the coincidences were somewhat remarkable and then dismissed the matter from our thoughts. Many examples in literary history might be presented to prove that men may think and describe alike without plagiarism, but, when the incidents and descriptions are as nearly identical as prose and poetry can well be, we cannot deduce the charitable conclusion that the very strong likeness is accidental. Our readers shall judge whether, in this case, it is so.

The characters in the poem are few—in the novel many, but, in both, the whole interest depends on the adventures of two lovers. In the poem these lovers are Pansa and Mariamne, a Roman decurion and a captive Jewish maiden, both Christians; in the novel they are Glaucus and Ione, Greeks and pagans. With us, Diomedes was the prætor and Pansa the victim; with Bulwer, the former is a rich merchant and the latter, ædile of Pompeii. Here, then, there is no similarity, nor is there but one deserving a remark, until Arbaces—an Eugene Aram antiquated—one of Bulwer's learned, wise and soliloquizing villains—seduces Ione to his mansion of iniquity. The first coincidence to which we refer, is the scene of the sacrifice, and the oracular response. The description in the novel reads thus:

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"There are waves like chargers that meet and glow, There are graves ready wrought in the rocks below: On the brow of the Future the dangers lower, But blessed are your barks in the fearful hour."

That in the poem is as follows—the oracle preceding the description of its effect upon the superstitious multitude.

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#### The Oracle.

"Ye shall pass o'er the Tyrrhene sea in ships Laden with virgins, gems and gods, and spoils Of a dismembered empire, and a cloud Of light shall radiate your ocean path! Breathes not the soul of mystery in this?"

"And the prostrated multitudes, like woods Hung with the leaves of autumn, stirred; then fell A silence when the heart was heard—a pause— When ardent hope became an agony; And parted lips and panting pulses—eyes Wild with their watchings, brows with beaded dew Of expectation chilled and fevered—all The shaken and half lifted frame—declared The moment of the oracle had come! A sceptre to the hand of Isis leapt And waved; and then the deep voice of the priest Uttered the maiden's answer, and the fall Of many quickened steps like whispers passed Along the columned aisles and vestibule."

Both oracles partake the same mystic character and allude obscurely to the same fearful and overwhelming event.

The character of Arbaces, the Egyptian Magus, is peculiarly after Bulwer's own heart, for he is an entire, thorough, irredeemable demon who weeps over venomous reptiles and kills innocent men: but a very large portion of his mystic discourse, which appears on pages 81-2-3-4 of volume first, is borrowed, as customary, without even an apologetic allusion, from Moore's Epicurean. We leave that poet to reclaim his property, and proceed to assert the identity of our own. In the novel Arbaces beguiles Ione into his own house with the resolution to possess her by fraud or violence. In the poem the priest of Isis inveigles the virgin of Pompeii into his lascivious temple with the same intent. Both the priest and Arbaces, having conquered every obstacle, are rapidly advancing to the accomplishment of their evil designs, when they are interrupted and their victims rescued by the very same awful occurrence:

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Says our unsainted priest of Isis, when the victim cries exultingly—

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The denouement of the scene is the same in the novel and the poem—a statue, hurled from its pedestal, strikes the unhallowed violator to the earth. There is no scene in Baron more actually transcribed from the Andrian of Terence than this from "The Last Night of Pompeii!" But the scene in the amphitheatre, where the Christian Olinthus and the lover Glaucus are doomed to perish by the fangs of the famished lion, is still more strikingly similar than any in the novel except the description of the destruction. Arbaces, actuated by unholy love of Ione, is the author of the disgrace and ruin of both these personages; and the prætor Diomedes, in the poem, resolves to sacrifice Pansa to the African lion, because he loves and determines to possess Mariamne. The earlier scenes in the amphitheatre are the same; four gladiators are represented in sanguinary strife, and two as having perished, ere the command is given to bring the Christian and lover on the arena and to loose the Numidian lion. In neither

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The closing scene in the Pompeian amphitheatre, as represented in "The Last Days of Pompeii":

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"Then there rose on high the universal shrieks of women: the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes, mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines,—over the desolate streets,—over the amphitheatre itself,—far and wide—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea,—fell that awful shower!

"No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen,—amid groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly?"

Now let us present the description, given in "The Last Night of Pompeii," of the horrors that succeeded the scene of the games:

"Awe, yet untreble, Pansa calm replied. 'Ye hear no thunder—but Destruction's howl! Ye see no lightning—but the lava glare Of desolation sweeping o'er your pride! Death is beneath, around, above, within All who exult to inflict it on my heart, And ye must meet it, fly when, where ye will, For in the madness of your cruelties Ye have delayed till every hope is dead. Let the doom come! our faiths will soon be tried. Gigantic spectres from their shadowy thrones, With ghastly smiles to welcome ye, arise. The Pharaohs and Ptolemies uplift Their glimmering sceptres o'er ye, bidding all Bare their dark bosoms to the Omniscent God: And every strange and horrid mythos waits To fold ye in the terrors of its dreams.'"

"Like an earthshadowing cypress, o'er the skies Lifting its labyrinth of leaves, the boughs Of molten brass, the giant trunk of flame, The breath of the volcano's Titan heart Hung in the heavens; and every maddened pulse Of the vast mountain's earthquake bosom hurled Its vengeance on the earth that gasped beneath."

"From every cell shrieks burst; hyenas cried Like lost child stricken in its loneliness: The giant elephant with matchless strength Struggled against the portals of his tomb, And groaned and panted; and the leopard's yell And tiger's growl with all surrounding cries Of human horror mingled; and in air, Spotting the lurid heavens and waiting prey, The evil birds of carnage hung and watched."

"Vesuvius answered: from its pinnacles Clouds of farflashing cinders, lava showers, And seas drank up by the abysses of fire

To be hurled forth in boiling cataracts,  
Like midnight mountains, wrapt in lightnings, fell."  
"All awful sounds of heaven and earth met now;  
Darkness behind the sun-god's chariot rolled,  
Shrouding destruction, save when volcanic fires  
Lifted the folds to gaze on agony;  
And when a moment's terrible repose  
Fell on the deep convulsions, all could hear  
The toppling cliffs explode and crash below,  
While multitudinous waters from the sea  
In whirlpools through the channel'd mountain rocks  
Rushed, and with hisses like the damned's speech,  
Fell in the mighty furnace of the mount."

"Oh, then, the love of life! the struggling rush,  
The crushing conflict of escape! few, brief,  
And dire the words delirious fear spake now—  
One thought, one action awayed the tossing crowd.  
All through the vomitories madly sprung,  
And mass on mass of trembling beings pressed,  
Gasping and goading, with the savageness  
That is the child of danger, like the waves  
Charybdis from his jagged rocks throws down,  
Mingled by fury—warring in their foam.  
Some swooned and were trod down by legion feet;  
Some cried for mercy to the unanswering gods;  
Some shrieked for parted friends for ever lost;  
And some in passion's chaos, with the yell  
Of desperation did blaspheme the heavens;  
And some were still in utterance of woe.  
Yet all toiled on in trembling waves of life  
Along the subterranean corridors.  
Moments were centuries of doubt and dread!  
Each breathing obstacle a hated thing:  
Each trampled wretch, a footstool to o'erlook  
The foremost multitudes; and terror, now,  
Begrat in all a maniac ruthlessness,  
For in the madness of their agonies  
Strong men cast down the feeble who delayed  
Their flight, and maidens on the stones were crush'd."

Let the reader compare each of these extracts with the other, and form his own opinion of Mr Bulwer's great powers and originality. These very remarkable coincidences are followed by others not less extraordinary and worthy of commemoration:

"But suddenly a duller shade fell over the air. Instinctively he turned to the mountain, and behold! one of the two gigantic crests, into which the summit had been divided, rocked and wavered to and fro; and then, with a sound, the mightiness of which no language can describe, it fell from the burning base, and rushed, an avalanche of fire, down the sides of the mountain! At the same instant gushed forth a volume of blackest smoke, rolling on, over air, sea, and earth."

"Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain shone—a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather above its surface there seemed to rise two monster-shapes, each confronting each, as demons contending for a world. These were of one deep blood red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but below, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded,—save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon."

Among the Death Cries of Pompeii, as we imagined them, is the following lyric:

"It bursts! it bursts! and thousand thunders blent,  
From the deep heart of agonizing earth,  
Knell, shatter, crash along the firmament,  
And new bells peopled startle into birth.  
Vesuvius sunder! pyramids of fire  
From fathomless abysses blast the sky;  
E'en desolating Ruin doth expire,  
And mortal Death in woe immortal die.  
Torrents like lurid gore,  
Hurled from the gulf of horror, pour,  
Like legion fiends embattled to the spoil,  
And o'er the temple domes,  
And joy's ten thousand homes,  
Beneath the whirlwind hail and storm of ashes boil."

Again says Mr Bulwer, who boasts that he has succeeded where all others have failed:

"In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rum-

bling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gasses through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster-shapes, striding across the gloom, hustling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes,—the agents of terror and of death."

Is there nothing similar to the preceding quotation in this?

"Vesuvius poured its deluge forth, the sea Shuddered and sent unearthly voices up. The isles of beauty, by the fire and surge Shaken and withered, on the troubled waves Looked down like spirits blasted; and the land Of Italy's once paradise became The home of ruin—vineyard, grove and bower, Tree, shrub, fruit, blossom—love, life, light and hope, All vanishing beneath the fossil flood And storm of ashes from the cloven brow Of the dread mountain hurled in horror down. The echoes of ten thousand agonies Arose from mount and shore, and some looked back Cursing, and more bewailing as they fled."

"What a horrid gleam is flung  
Along that face of madness as it turns  
From sea to mountain, and the wild eyes burn  
With revelations of the unborn time!  
We may not linger—shelter earth denies—  
The very heavens like a gehenna pour—  
And ocean is our refuge—on—on—on!"

We have seen how remarkably the lions agreed on the impropriety of making an amphitheatric meal of the lovers; now it appears that the tiger, who should have eat the Christian, was of the same mind.

"At that moment a wild yell burst through the air, and thinking only of escape, whither it knew not, the terrible tiger of the African desert leaped among the throng, and hurried through its parted streams. And so came the earthquake, and so darkness once more fell over the earth!"

Is it not strange that we should have conceived something much like this and explained the motive, too, of such unreasonable conduct in any wild beast starving?

"Nature's quick instinct, in most savage beasts, Prophesies danger ere man's thought awakes, And shrinks in fear from common savageness, Made gentle by its terror: thus, o'erawed E'en in his famine's fury by a Power Brute beings more than human oft adore, The Lion lay, his quivering paws outspread, His white teeth gnashing, till the crushing throng Had passed the corridors: then, glaring up His eyes imbued with samiel light, he saw The crags and forests of the Appenines Gleaming far off, and with the exulting sense Of home and lone dominion, at a bound, He leapt the lofty pallsades and sprung Along the spiral passages, with howls Of horror, through the flying multitudes Flying to seek his lonely mountain lair."

We shall not protract this investigation, though many similar passages might be produced to confirm our assertion that Mr Bulwer has appropriated our thoughts and throughout wrought our descriptions into his story, and won great profit and fame from the robbery. Those, who read his book, will readily find many descriptions closely resembling one of the last given in the poem, which we here reprint, and many references to ancient authors for facts which he derived from us.

Meantime, charred corpses in one sepulchre  
Of withering ashes lay, and voices rose,  
Fewer and fainter, and, each moment, groans  
Were hushed, and dead babes on dead bosoms lay,  
And lips were blasted into breathlessness

Ere the death kiss was given, and spirits passed  
The ebbless, dark, mysterious waves, where dreams  
Hover and pulses throb and many a brain  
Swims wild with terrible desires to know  
The destinies of worlds that lie beyond.  
The thick air panted as in nature's death,  
And every breath was anguish; every face  
Was terror's image, where the soul looked forth,  
As looked, sometimes, far on the edge of heaven,  
A momentary star the tempest palled.  
From ghastlier lips now rose a wilder voice,  
As from a ruined sanctuary's gloom,  
Like savage winds from the Chorasman waste  
Rushing, with sobs and suffocating screams," etc.

But, though we have been more highly honored by this last *chef-d'œuvre* of the honorable Eugene Aram than any author within our knowledge, yet others are entitled to their property. Speaking of the skeleton of Arbaces, Bulwer says—

"The skull was of so remarkable a conformation, so boldly marked in its intellectual, as well as its worse physical developments, that it has excited the constant speculation of every itinerant believer in the theories of Spurzheim who has gazed upon that ruined palace of the mind. Still, after a lapse of eighteen centuries, the traveller may survey that airy hall within whose cunning galleries and elaborate chambers, once thought, reasoned, dreamed, and sinned, the soul of Arbaces the Egyptian!"

But Byron said, long ago, in *Childe Harold*, when gazing on a skull:

"Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,  
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul," etc.

And, once more, the fashionable Pelham moralizes: "and as the Earth from the Sun, so immortality drinks happiness from virtue, which is the smile upon the face of God." This he italicises as one of his most wondrous original reflections—yet it may be found in the *Diary of a Physician*.

Mr Bulwer is particularly conceited and arrogant with respect to his subject. He asserts that all others have failed in attempting to describe the destruction of Pompeii, and that, therefore, he will stand alone, the intellectual monarch of the Ruins. The candid and modest and original gentleman probably forgot 'Valerius' and Croly and Milman and Dr Gray and myself; but the productions of such persons can be of little consequence to such a Paul Clifford in letters and Mirabeau in morals.

Mr Bulwer, likewise, is ostentatious of his learning, and he quotes from ancient authors with an air of infinite self-complacency, though his citations had been conveniently collected, a century since, in the *Archæologia Græca* of Archbishop Potter! These volumes now lie before us, and there may all his erudition be found in a very accessible compass. His theological knowledge or deistical design, we know not which, is not more profound or canonical; for he makes his Christian Olinthus say, that "eighty years ago," that is, from the birth of Christ, "there was no assurance to man of God or of a certain or definite future beyond the grave"!!

We have now done with Mr Bulwer, his immoralities, and his plagiarisms. We have sought to be very brief in our exposition, and, for the first time that we ever expressed such a desire, we request the literary periodicals, with which we exchange to reprint this article.



**The Wreath.**

EDITED BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1835.

OURSELF, ONCE MORE.—Have patience with us, sweet friends—we would not be egotistical, or ratheregotistical—but justice to ourself requires it. When we commenced the Wreath we were almost an entire stranger in this city, and therefore felt rather diffident about calling upon the citizens personally for support. We preferred to lay before them a specimen number of our work—to state explicitly and *in extenso* the course which we intended to pursue, believing that if we were found worthy, an intelligent community would not suffer us to go unrewarded. Accordingly our first number was issued, and in it we requested all to whom it was sent to become subscribers, or if they were unwilling to patronize us, to return the paper through the postoffice within two weeks, stating that we should consider as subscribers all who did not return it within the time specified. This course is not a novel one, and with highminded and honorable people it is doubtless the best that could be pursued. Some with whom our first number was left, returned it as requested, and though we regret that they cannot patronize our work we cheerfully acknowledge that their dealings with us have been fair and honorable. What we have just reason to complain of is, that some—a few—have quietly received the paper from its commencement until they have had the reading of the third number, and have then returned that as a token of their unwillingness to patronise us! Is this honest? is it gentlemanly? is it reputable? It is painful to view such exhibitions of meanness, and we think that we have much reason to congratulate ourself that we are well quit of such patrons at so early a date? It was our belief that every one who did not wish to patronise us would promptly return the first number, but the sequel has shown us that there are some people even in the good city of *Dorp* who are very thoughtless or very wicked—though here we look for liberal-minded and high-souled men, and here, if anywhere we are persuaded that we shall find them. Again, therefore, we appeal to the intelligent citizens of Schenectady for support, trusting that our appeal will not be unheard or unregarded. If any, however, to whom the present number shall come, are unwilling to give us their support, they are respectfully requested to return it to us at an early date, and they shall be welcome to the three numbers they have before received. A mechanic who has but a small family to support, and has the ability and the will to work, can well afford to make an occasional donation to the really necessitous! As for the young 'would-be wit and cant-be gentleman' who returned the third number of the Wreath (after having subscribed for it with his own hand and appropriated to his own use the first two) accompanied by an obscene and insulting message, we have only to say to him that our contempt for his conduct is as thorough as his own moral corruption is deep. His language betrays his former occupation and proves that he has been too speedily translated from the stable—his proper sphere—and smuggled into society for which he is morally and physically disqualified. But we forbear—believing it best

Lightly to touch upon a little thing,  
And free the insect with an unclipped wing.

As an act of justice to one of the most gifted and (pro pudor!) most neglected of American authors, we have occupied a considerable portion of our present impression with an article from the North American Magazine, containing some severe strictures upon Mr Bulwer and his last novel. Our readers can judge for themselves whether the accusations brought by Mr Fairfield against the novelist are well sustained or not.—For ourself we are satisfied that Mr F's. work has been laid under heavy contribution to furnish material for this honorable literary poacher, and the poet's exposition of the plagiarisms committed upon his property is called forth from a sense of justice to himself, his children and the country which will yet be proud of him. As a poet, as a father, as an American he could not have done less.

Mr Fairfield's poem, 'The Last Night of Pompeii,' is a work replete with interest—written in the author's peculiarly bold and energetic style, abounding in the most splendid descriptions, evincing a profound erudition, a vivid imagination, and all those great qualities of mind which, when combined, constitute a poet—and yet the work is hardly known among even the intelligent—the reading portion of community. We cannot account for it—it is beyond our comprehension. But the book has crossed the Atlantic—has been 'transmuted into a novel by Bulwer,' and sent back to us again, and lo! the nation is on tiptoe—the shout of adulation rings far and wide, and American Christians delight to do honor to the British debauchee. We do not deny that Mr Bulwer has genius—he has—and his plagiarisms are therefore the less excusable. That he has received more of praise from our countrymen than he merits there can be but little doubt, but it has become quite fashionable of late years to worship English authors, actors and actresses—not so much on account of their real merit as for their high pretensions, their exorbitant demands and their transatlantic birth. Bulwer is a popular novelist, but is that any good reason why his literary depredations should go unexposed? We trow not. Those depredations have been committed upon American property, and every true American should feel it as a sin committed against himself.

Mr Fairfield, however, though he has had gross injustice done him, has received no light compliment at the hands of the British novelist. Bulwer is generally acknowledged to be the first novelist of the age, yet with all his genius, his learning and his popularity he is fain to draw upon the intellectual treasures of a 'Yankee poet,' and scruples not to present these stolen goods to the world, as his own legitimate property! Good! "Who reads an American book?" In conclusion we invite the reader's candid attention to the article in question.

**The Family Minstrel.**—Here is a claimant for public favor, neat in its outward appearance, chaste and pleasing in its contents, and withal so meritorious in every particular that we do not see how it can well fail of a liberal support. Its typography is unexceptionable, its literary matter of a superior order—of its three pages of music we can say but little, for it is all Hebrew to us. We would as soon attempt to translate the Koran as to read a page of *fa sol la's*. Amateurs, however, who have seen the work, speak as favorably of its musical as we of its literary department.

The January number of the North American Magazine is before us, filled as usual with choice original matter from the pens of able and popular authors. Among other articles of great merit we discover two or three poems of uncommon excellence from the pen of its editor. We again commend this purely American work to the liberal patronage of an American public.

**Funny Kemble Butler.**—From some passages that have leaked out of this lady's book, we find that she speaks of the people of this country in the usual tone of superciliousness and fault-finding. Well—we expected it. As to her views of America and Americans, we see no reason why our countrymen should trouble themselves about them, be they *pro* or *con*. We have made ourselves ridiculous enough in our writings under the censure of Mrs. Trollope, and in the name of all that is manly, we hope we shall dance the same ridiculous figure for the fiddling of Fanny Kemble Butler. If she lashes our faults, why let us quietly amend them—if she cannot appreciate our virtues, let us make them so distinct, so prominent, that no future scribbler can overlook them; but let us not wince under the coarse and indecent sarcasms of an itinerant actress.

**To Correspondents.**—With a city contemporary we have much reason to complain of some of our correspondents. Their communications are too loosely written and their ideas too common place for our use, and we have therefore concluded to transfer a large pile of them from *on* to *under* our table. Far be it from us to dampen the ardor of the youthful aspirant for fame, or throw the chill of disappointment over the hopes and hearts of the ten thousand young poets of our land—on the contrary, we would cheer on and encourage all who have a taste for literature. The frequent exercise of their minds in the combination and arrangement of their thoughts will be of incalculable benefit to them, even though their communications should be adjudged unfit for publication. But though we would cheer them onward, we can never consent to make the Wreath a depot for undigestible crudities—for "a cart-load of prose and more poetry" that would do credit to neither author nor editor. If our young writers would bestow more study upon their articles intended for publication they would benefit themselves and oblige us.

Here, now, is half a yard of poetry from one who is evidently a writer of considerable talents, but it is unfinished—the polish is wanting—it is unequal in its parts and unsuitable as a whole for publication. The following thought is not bad, and shows that the author has some poetry in his soul as well as gallantry in his address:

"Could we one tear but crystalize  
That falls from weeping beauty's eyes,  
Not all the gems of Paradise  
Could equal it in worth."

Perhaps not—we know but little of such matters and care less. But we do know that the author of "The Peasant's Burial," has evinced so much of poetic talent that we can not but express a hope that we may hear from him again.

D. H., A Semiquaver, and Juan, are respectfully declined.

Viator will be welcome at all times and seasons, both in prose and in poetry—in song and in sermon.

Emma, and Auto-Biography of a Poet, are on file for insertion.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY G. ZELOTES ADAMS.

HE DIED! the Immaculate, the Holy One!  
 Alas! the awful truth that 'neath those skies  
 Which heard his prayers, they drank his dying groans  
 For whom his soul had plead at Heaven's high bar,  
 For whom through life's long watches he had toiled!  
 For them the fatal shafts, the blood-red nails,  
 By malefactor hands were madly driven!

HE DIED! And oh, the glorious intercession  
 His sufferings made! boundless to human ken!  
 Replete with that rich love matured in heaven!  
 My soul! oh let thy ardor rise! arise!  
 My thoughts interred 'mid earth's gross feculence!  
 Oh, let one ray of that meek closing eye  
 Which shone benignantly in death on them  
 Who gathered round the brow of Calvary,  
 Ravish my breast with praise, unceasing praise!

HE DIED! and purchased by his writhing pains  
 A legacy on Immortality,  
 For groveling man! That priceless legacy,  
 By his blood sanctioned, doth extend to me,  
 Companion with the worm, handmaid of dust,  
 Who holds a tenure on the joys of life  
 By mercy, not by merit.

Then can I,  
 An alien and apostate from my God,  
 Clad in these mean habiliments of clay,  
 Boast an affinity with angel bands,  
 And him who made them worshippers of Light?

Oh, thou O'erflowing Source of perfect good!  
 Thou Living Spring of joys perennial,  
 In whose dread presence Purity veils her face!  
 Transfix my breast with thoughts of heaven and thee.  
 This heart which wears the seal of Jesus' blood,  
 Great Hierarch! may it be thine for ever!  
 Then welcome death with all its sickly glooms,  
 Welcome that hour when Nature's waning pulse  
 Shall tell the time of my departure hence!  
 Welcome, thrice welcome too! that hand which leads  
 My willing soul mid bliss ineffable,  
 Giving the spirit power to ride death  
 Of its envenomed sting, and o'er the grave  
 To gain a victory!

## THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Alas, my child! thou'rt stricken now  
 From being's gay parterre,  
 Death's clammy hand hath press'd thy brow  
 And left its impress there.

Why didst thou leave thy mother's breast  
 In the dayspring of thy bloom,  
 Seeking a dark and chilly rest  
 Low in the gelid tomb?

I've watched thee in thy hours of mirth  
 With all a mother's care,  
 And little thought the cold, cold earth  
 Would take a child so fair.

Blighted on earth, thou'rt blossoming  
 On hallowed, heavenly ground,  
 In regions of eternal spring  
 Shedding thy fragrance round.

Why should I mourn thee then, lov'd one?  
 For thou art happier now,  
 The brightness of the seraphim  
 Glitters around thy brow.

Dearest, I'll weep for thee no more,  
 For one fond hope is given,  
 That, when life's pilgrimage is o'er,  
 We'll meet again in heaven.

W. C.

Flowers are the alphabet of angels—whereby  
 They write on hills and fields mysterious truths.

Miss Francis.

## SALMAGUNDI.

PEACE.—Like the rainbow, Peace rests  
 upon the Earth, but its arch is lost in heaven!  
 Heaven bathes it in hues of light! it  
 springs up amid tears and clouds—it is a  
 reflection of the Eternal sun—it is an as-  
 surance of calm, it is the sign of a great  
 covenant between God and man. Such  
 peace, oh young man, is the smile of the  
 soul: it is an emanation of the distant orb  
 of Immortal light, "Peace be with you!"  
 Bulwer.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.—In the tale of hu-  
 man passion in past ages there is something  
 of interest even in the remoteness of the  
 time. We love to feel within us the bond  
 which unites the most distant eras—men,  
 nations, customs perish: THE AFFECTIONS  
 ARE IMMORTAL! They are the sympathies  
 which unite the ceaseless generations. The  
 past lives again when we look upon its e-  
 motions—it lives in our own! That which  
 was, ever is! The magician's gift that re-  
 vives the dead—that animates the dust of  
 forgotten graves, is not in the author's  
 skill, it is in the heart of the reader!—Idem.

CHRISTIAN SACRIFICE.—Mingle in our  
 simple sacrifice—not of victims nor of gar-  
 lands, but offered by white-robed thoughts  
 upon the altar of the heart: the flowers  
 that we lay there are imperishable—they  
 bloom over us when we are no more—nay,  
 they accompany us beyond the grave, they  
 spring up beneath our feet in heaven, they  
 delight us with an eternal odour, for they  
 are of the soul; they partake its nature.  
 Idem.

AGE AND CHILDHOOD.—It was beautiful  
 to see! that mingling of the extremes of  
 life—the rivers gushing from their early  
 source—the majestic stream gliding to the  
 ocean of Eternity! As the light of declin-  
 ing day seems to mingle earth and heaven,  
 making the outline of each scarce visible,  
 and blending the harsh mountain tops with  
 the sky; even so did the smile of that be-  
 nign old age appear to hallow the aspect  
 of those around, to blend together the strong  
 distinctions of varying years, and to diffuse  
 over infancy and manhood the light of that  
 heaven into which it must soon vanish and  
 be lost.  
 Idem.

PATIENCE.—It is said, that in olden time,  
 before hanging was brought to its present  
 perfection, it was customary to give the  
 criminal his choice of a tree on which to  
 swing. Now it happened that a witty son  
 of Erin had been detected in a crime which  
 brought him to the undesirable alternative  
 of choosing the tree on which he would be  
 suspended, and Pat very judiciously select-  
 ed the gooseberry. It was objected by the  
 officer that it was too small. But Pat per-  
 sisted: "indeed, your honor, it's a rare tree,  
 and since Patrick O'Flanagan is niver in a  
 hurry to be hanged, he'll just wait till it  
 grows.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.—A writer in the  
 New Monthly for November gives the fol-  
 lowing account of an interview between  
 Napoleon and Lucien Bonaparte:—In No-  
 vember, 1806, Napoleon sent for Lucien to  
 meet him at Mantua, and then, after a con-  
 ference with some of his general officers on  
 his future operations, they were dismissed,  
 and the brothers remained alone. The con-  
 queror grasped the hand of the hitherto in-  
 flexible patriot, and tracing on the map,  
 which lay before him, the wide extent of  
 his dominions, he said, "Now choose—any  
 part shall be yours—we will share them  
 all." Lucien replied, that "his principles  
 were unaltered, and would remain so; he  
 could not, therefore, accept of his brother's  
 proposal." "Eh bien!" rejoined the Em-  
 peror, "we shall meet again at dinner,  
 when, perhaps—" He left the room by  
 one door; Lucien at the same instant quit-  
 ted it by another, and, entering the carriage  
 he had only just left, was, before the din-  
 ner hour arrived, when temptation was a-  
 gain to be thrown in his way, some leagues  
 on the road to the retirement from which  
 he did not again emerge till Napoleon be-  
 came Emperor. This is unquestionably  
 the most remarkable instance on record of  
 true disinterestedness.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—Col. Crockett  
 once happened to be present at an exhibi-  
 tion of animals in Washington City, where  
 a monkey seemed to attract his particular  
 attention, and he rather abstractedly ob-  
 served—"If that fellow had on a pair of  
 spectacles, he would be just like Major  
 Wright of Ohio." The Major was also  
 present—overheard the observation—and  
 gently tapped him on the shoulder, when  
 the Colonel very formally remarked—"I'll  
 be darn'd, Major, if I know whose pardon to  
 ask—your's or the monkey's."

LATE CAUTION.—An awkward servant,  
 handing a plate to a gentleman at the City  
 Hotel in New-York, spilled some of the  
 gravy upon his clothes, and immediately  
 cried out, "Take care, Sir!" "Why, you  
 rascal," exclaimed the gentleman, who  
 thought he had suffered enough from the  
 fellow's negligence, "are you going to do it  
 again?"

CURIOUS PRIVILEGE.—The city of Fez,  
 in Africa, has the strange privilege of be-  
 ing allowed to yield to an enemy who shall  
 get within half a mile of its walls. Every  
 king, at his coronation confirms this privi-  
 lege.

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